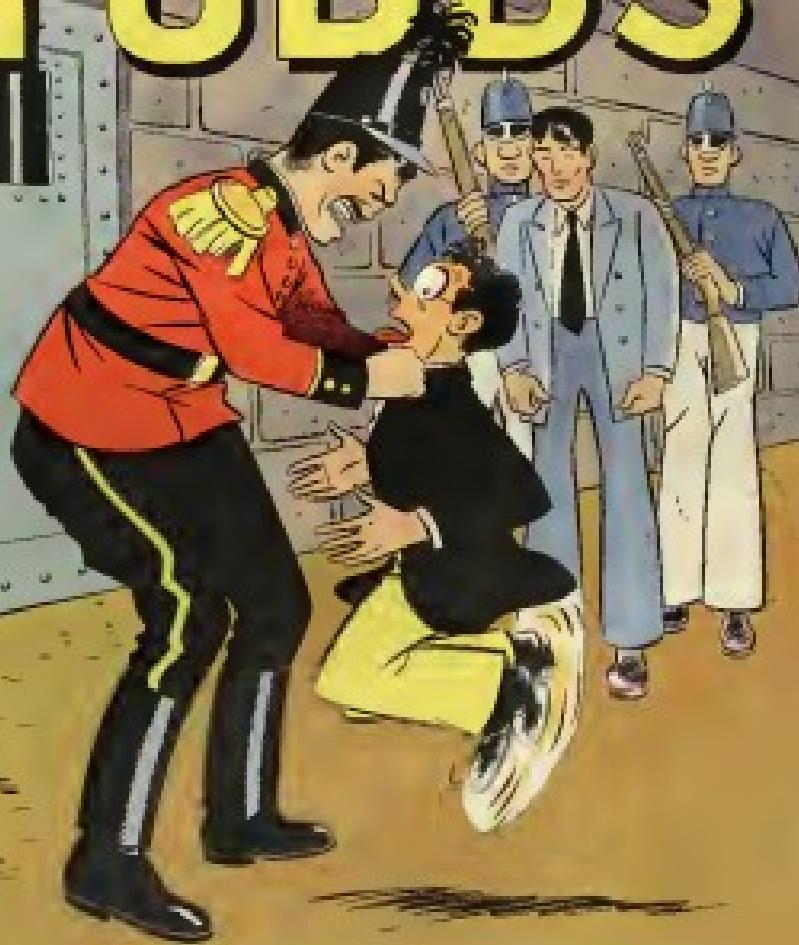


10¢

Four Color Comic  
No. 28

# WASH TUBBS

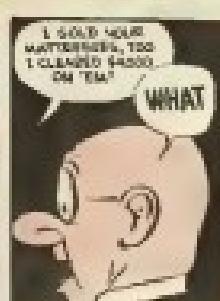


# CAPTAIN EASY

## SOLDIER of FORTUNE

by Roy CRANE

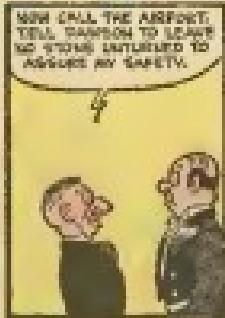
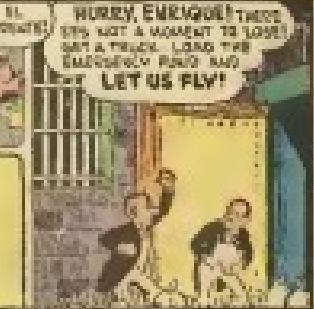
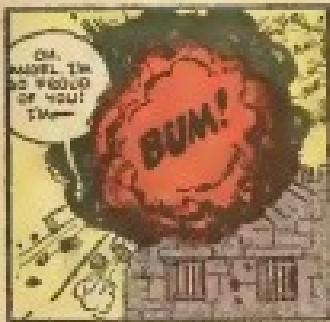
WASH, VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH CAROL MCKEE, HAS FOLLOWED THE GIRL AND HER FATHER TO VENEZUELA. HE BROUGHT EASY, SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA CAUSED BY A BLOW ON THE HEAD, WITH HIM. THEY ARE THROWN IN PRISON WHEN A REVOLUTION STARTS. THE PRISON IS SHELLED AND EASY EMERGES FROM THE WRECKAGE ASKING WHAT HAPPENED.



WASH TUBBS, No. 26-PUBLISHED by DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.  
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BACK THE GUERRILLAS! HELL, OTHER REBEL  
GUERRILLAS, SURE IS A DEPLORED DANGER!  
NO, THESE GUERRILLAS, THESE!



THE FORESITES OF WAR! MY DEAR  
GENERAL... AS TODAY AND OUT  
TOMORROW COME - HELP ME  
LEAD ANTI-ARMED  
PEASANTS,  
EFFECTS...

GENERAL GUERRILLAS!  
DON'T YOU GET  
MY MESSAGE?



I KNOWED IT. HE'S TAKEN THE WHOLE  
BUDWEISIAN TREASURY WITH HIM! GUAR-  
DUST THREE GUARDS. GUARD THE GOLD  
IN THE TRUCK. AND LEAD HIS PLANE  
WITH EMPTY TRUNKS!

MR. OLD CACABACHA DONKEY NEVER KNEW THAT  
GUARDED THAT HE WAS ZONING DOWN TO GOLD  
THE REBELS.



AM DERN.  
Loyal friends  
under heel. I  
ROBBED YOU  
YOU ARE  
COURT!



ELL SAY WE WONT FORGIVE MAN, WHO WONT  
PUT MINTY OLD CACABACHA OPEN THEM  
TRUCKS AND TAKE THAT

IVE GOT TH GOLD! YOU HEAR  
THAT WE ARE TELL!



AN WERE A SERVICE  
TO PARADES! ON  
THE GENERAL, OUR  
GUERRILLAS ARE  
SO THAT WE ARE  
SAVING THE  
"RELATION"

WE AREN'T SAYING  
NOTWITH TOO FAR  
AT ALL, STEPPED  
FROM NOW ON THIS  
BUDWEISIAN BOUNTY  
BELONGS TO  
ME!

WHAT? YOU ARE STEALING  
THE GRANDUILLAN TREASURE?  
THAT'S THE  
GENERAL IDEA, HE  
PENETTY



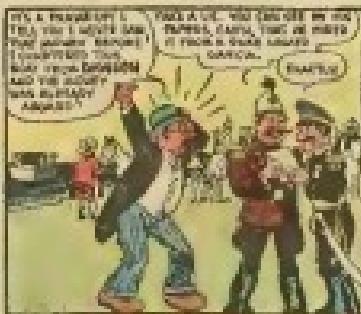
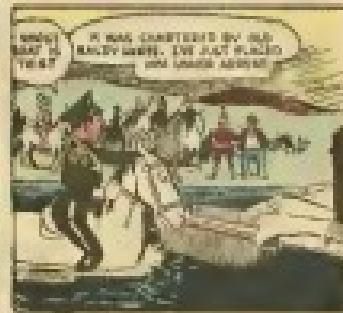
# CAPTAIN

# EASY

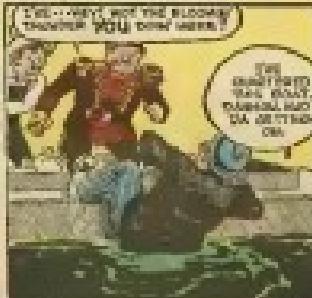
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**SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**

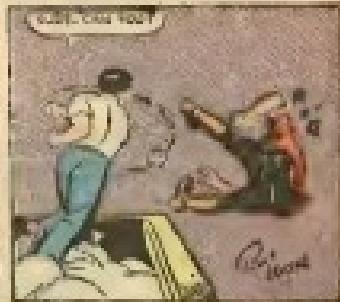
by Roy Crane











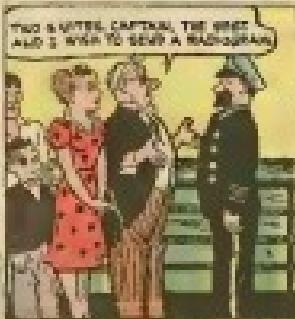
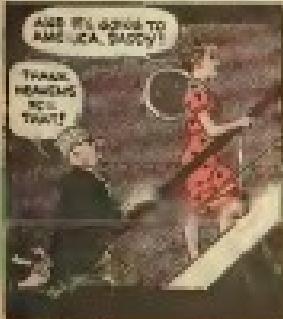
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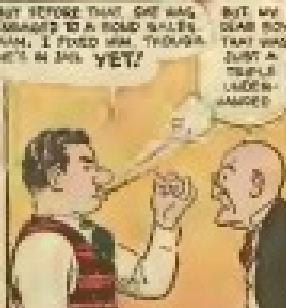
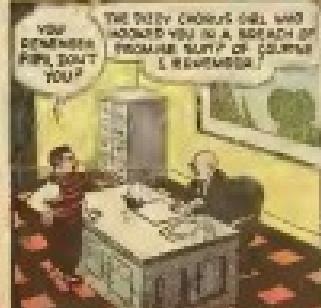
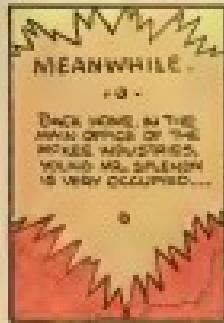
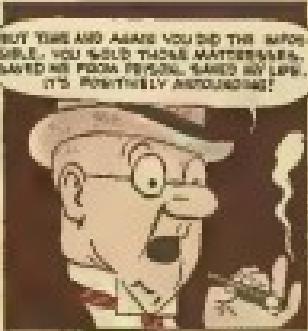
## Soldier of Fortune

by Roy Crane



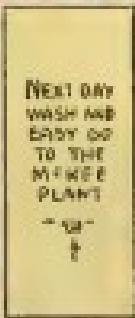
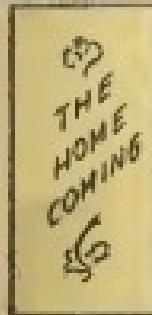
QUICK! LOAD THE GOLD DIVISIONS, EIGHTED TWO LOADS.





THAT, BUT I GOT MY GIRL.  
THAT'S IT.

MALAHAT! I GOT MY GIRL, AND HE SAID YOU'RE GOING TO OBTAIN THE MARITZER MILLION. ILL GROWTH, BABY EFFORT.

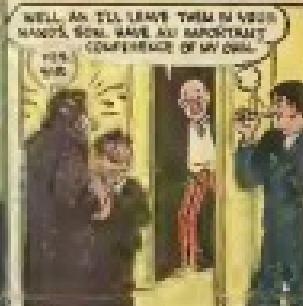
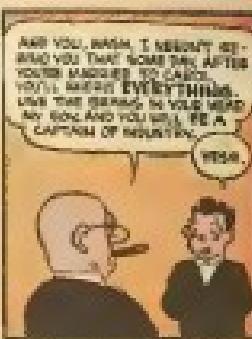


HOURS OF EXCUSES... SAVVY  
AND HALF OF THEM ARENT WORTH  
A THIN A COIN.

GENTLEMEN, THIS OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFE  
THAT IS BEFORE YOU. YOUVE GOT THE STUFF.  
IT'S UP TO YOU TO PRODUCE.

AND YOU, BASH, I REBOUT RE-  
MAND YOU THAT TOMORROW AFTER  
TODAY MARCHES ON CAROL.  
YOU'LL SAY IT EVERYTHING,  
ONE TIME SWING IN YOUR HEAD  
MY SON AND YOU WILL BE A  
CAPTION OF INFLUENCE.

YES.





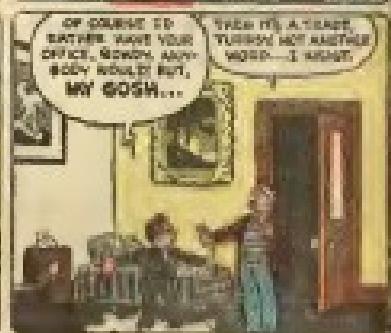
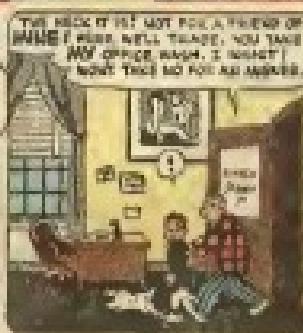
AND FOR NO REASON AT ALL  
I'LL NOT STAND FOR IT. YOU  
UNDERSTAND! I DEMAND  
THAT EVERY WE DISCHARGED  
WIMBLEDON!

WHAT'S UP THE  
GENERAL, MURKIN?  
DO YOU MEAN YOU  
START WORK...  
OH, MY GOSH!  
ARE YOU  
CRAZY?

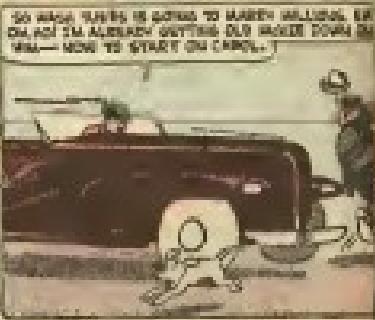
I TOLD YOU THIS IS NOT FRIENDSHIP WITH THE  
BOSS WHO CR-CHED MY BACK AND LEFT  
ME FOR DEAD IN A FREIGHT CAR.  
COME ON...

AND I DAD!  
BUDWEISER WIMBLEDON  
IS THE SHIT.



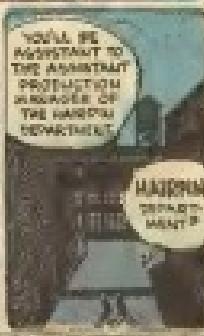
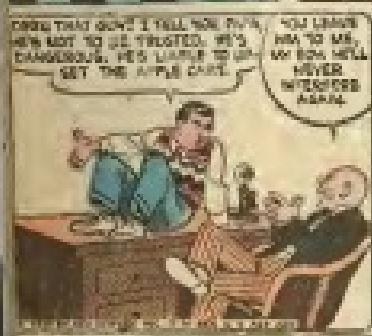












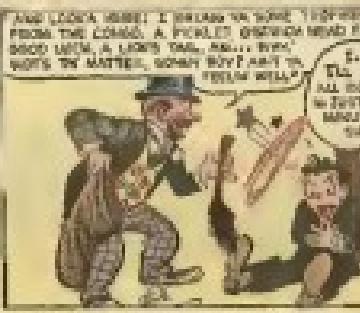
# CAPTAIN SOLDIER of FORTUNE

# EASY

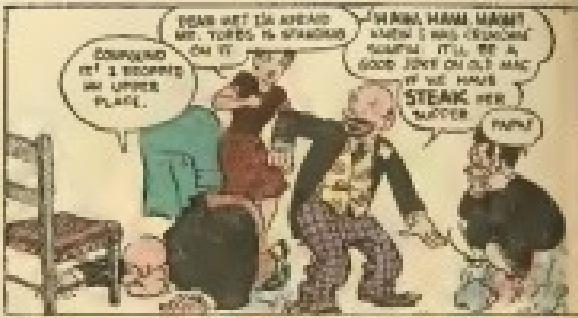
by  
*Roy Crane*

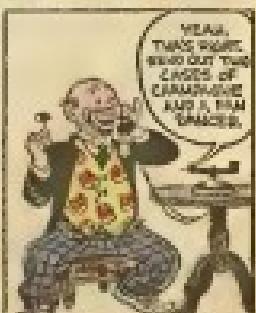
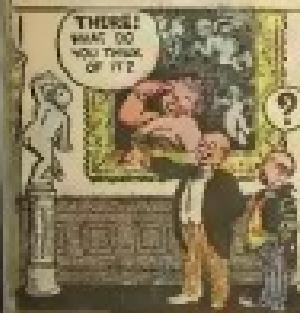
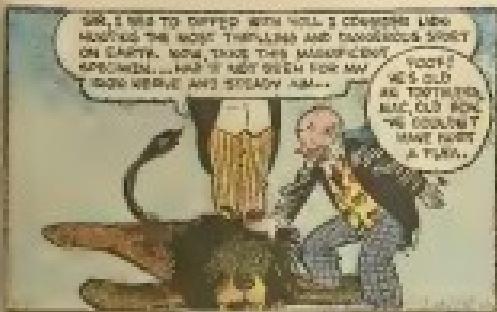












THERE'S AN OVERHEATED PAIR DANCERS OUTSIDE.  
WE THOUGHT SOMEBODY SENT FOR HER.  
WHERE'S OLD MAN TERRY?

HE BORROWED  
YOUR TOASTMASTER  
GOWN. I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
HE GOT IT,  
TERRY.

MR.  
THERE  
YOU ARE!

I HEARD A TRAIL AND FOUND  
DADDY LYING ON THE FLOOR.

HOLY SMOKE!  
WHAT'S HAPPPENED,  
DADDY?

WELL, SIR, MR.  
LORDY BOA,  
I'M BE QUOTIN' YOU,  
MR. ST. I WAA, BORN  
PUTTIN' MUSKETES  
ON THE WILDLIFES  
IN AFRICA.

MARSHALLES DU MUSSET DEBARRASSE  
OU C'EST TOUT LE TEMPS

LEAVE  
ME DON  
MOSQUITO  
FREQUENT  
THE OLD  
COURSES

DEAR DADDY,  
WE MUST GET HIM  
TO REST BEFORE  
HE HAS A BIRTHDAY  
CROWN.

SEE, THIS IS THE NEW ONE  
CANDIDE'S ROLLIN' IN  
THE CORRIDO.

ONION  
MY  
HEADY

BAM!

MY STATUE! STOP! PUT ME  
DOWN! HELP!

REGGAE  
MR.  
DUMBBY!

NOW YOU  
TAKE IT, YOU  
CHAMPIONESS  
OLD JACK  
AGIN!

OH, MY POOR AUNT THIMBLESTICK! I'M A NINJA.  
A HOLLOW SHELL! GET ME TO SEE.

GET A  
DOCTOR;  
GET TWO  
DOCTORS.

WHAT? NOT  
DOCTORS? I SAW  
WHICH THE OLD  
COURSES HAD  
NO CHAMPIONESS.

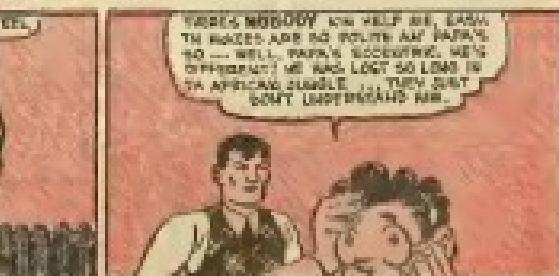


# CAPTAIN EASY

# SOLDIER of FORTUNE

*by*  
Roy CRANE





BUT JESUIT RECRUITING,  
THE MURKIN'S DON'T  
LIKE ME. I CAN'T GO  
BACK ON MY OWN FATHER.  
CAN IT BE GOOD, MR.  
LAW, NO MATTER WHAT  
PAPA DOLIA. I'M  
NOT ASHAMED!

OF COURSE NOT LADY!  
YOU'RE FREE AND LOVING  
YOUR MURKIN.

BUT IT'S TOUGH, DARK. BUT THE TODAY  
ALL IN LIFE EVER WANTED FOR A FATHER  
AN' MOTHER. LIKE OTHER MOTHERS HAVE.  
ALL MY LIFE THE THOUGHT OF MURKIN  
ALONE. LIKE CAROL. DON'T I GOT A  
FATHER... I GOT A MURKIN... BUT  
THEY DON'T MIX!

HAVE A  
PEAK, MR.  
TURPIN?

OH, WEST VIE  
MOTEL!

MUST BE FASCINATING, SOUTH AFRICA.  
ALWAYS WANTED TO GO THERE MYSELF,  
AND MAKE THE TRAIL TRIP FROM  
CAPESTOWN TO KARAGAHLA.  
SUPPOSE WOULD TAKE  
IT MANY TIMES...

YES,  
WILL COOL  
IT LIKE A  
BOOK...

HEAR YOU CAN SHOOT  
THEIR FROM THE  
TRAIN WINDOWS.

OH, SURE, SURE.  
I'VE SHOT EM BY  
THE HUNDREDS.  
LOLNA, TOO, SPENT  
THEIR.

HA, THINK IT WE'S A PHONY?  
HE'S BEEN TO AFRICA, SEE HE'S KNOW THERE ARE  
NO TRAINS THERE. AND THE RAILROAD ACROSS  
THE SWAZI OCEAN TO MADAGASCAR  
CAN'T GET HIS FRIENDS  
SITTING ON THE PLATES  
TOO.

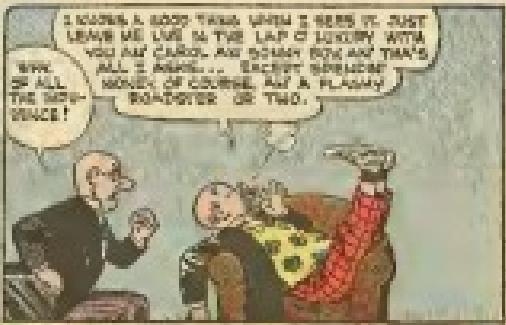
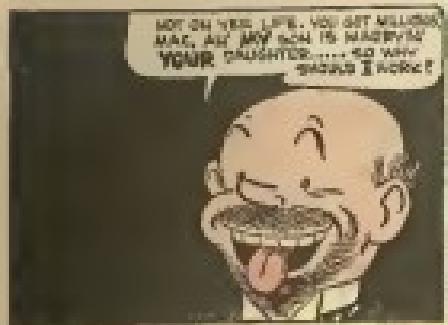
YEAH!  
PRETTY-SORT  
FOR SOME  
PEOPLE. LOOKS  
ALL TO NORM  
THEY DUMPED  
INTO ME!

HA, THAT'S TOUGH! SEE, THAT'S  
TOUGH! TELL ME, MURKIN —  
I'LL TRADE JOBS...

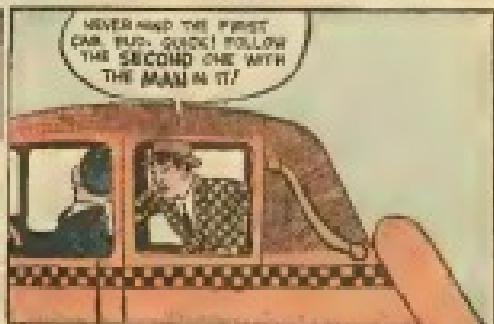
MR. LAW,  
I DON'T THINK  
REALLY I  
DON'T.











# CAPTAIN EASY

## SOLDIER of FORTUNE

by  
*Roy Crane*

MEN, STUPID, EITHER YOU'LL PAY  
US THIN TWOCHEMPS OR WE'LL GO  
TO OUR WIFE AND CHILD  
THE WORKS.

IS THAT  
SO?

YES,  
THAT'S  
SO!

GET HERE, MY FRIEND—I'LL PAY YOU ONE  
THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND NOT ONE CENT  
MORE! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE  
THIS INSTANT!!



I WAS JUST TALKING  
CASH AND HER OLD  
MAN HAD PROBLEMS BECAUSE  
HE'S SO POOR.

WELL, WHO IS THAT  
OTHER WOMAN YOU'RE  
SUCH A FOOL WITH?

THE WHOLE  
TOWN IS TALKING  
ABOUT ME!  
LITTLE CHARLIE,  
I AM EXPLAIN  
EVERYTHING.



WHAT'S GOING ON?  
YOU'LL NEVER TELL THEM  
ABOUT ME, ROY.  
BUT, SOMEONE'S  
AT THE DOOR.



UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, EH, JOHNSON?  
YOU'RE ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL  
OF ME, GIRL. DON'T THINK THAT  
IF I! SHE'S THE ONLY ONE.

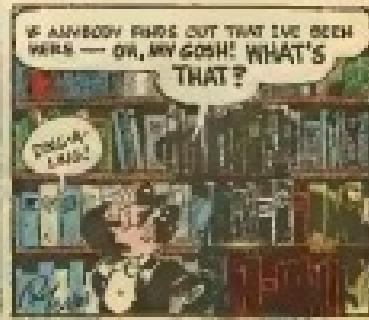
OH, DADDY! THERE IS  
ANOTHER GIRL!

ALL DAY  
THERE IS  
NO TALKING  
OF THAT  
DOTTIE!













JUST AS I ENTERED THE BACK DOOR, WASH JUMPED OUT A WINDOW, AND HERE WAS MY DEAR FATHER...

MURDERED!

THESE PEOPLE HEARD THIS THREATEN TO KILL ME, SPLENDIX, CREEK, AND HIS FRIENDS TALK WITH THEM ON THE GUM.



HUNH LOOKS LIKE THERE IS GUILT!

OF COURSE HE'S GUILTY! THE PONY COULD NOT THE MURDERER! PLEASE, SIR, TELL ME IN THE HEARTBEAT TO CONFESS.



POOR ROW!

HUNH! I KNOW! IF WASH SHOT THE JUDGE, THEN HE MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT WE MADE UP TO. HELL, HE TALK IT OUT AT THE TRIAL, AND I'M IN CHANCES WITH CAROL...



OH, WELL! I THOUGHT HOPPY ABOUT HERE! THE OLD MAN WAS PLAINLY SICK—THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, ANYWAY...



MISS BOY!

EXTRA, EXTRA! ALL ABOUT THE MILLIONAIRE MURDER!



CAROL! CAROL! OPEN THE DOOR!  
SPLENDIX IS DEAD!  
MURDERED!!



DR. BROWN, HOW POORLY!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. ONLY THIS AFTERNOON HE WAS TELLING WHAT A FINE BOY SPLENDIX WAS. AND NOW... MR. BRAKE'S TWO FRIENDS ARE SEARCHING FOR WASH TUBBS, WELL KNOWN LOCAL YOUTH, WHO WAS OFTEN LEAPED FROM A BEAR WADDER.



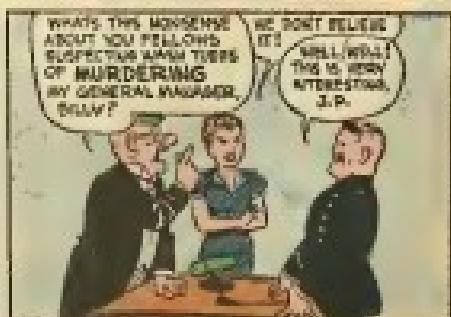
DR. BROWN, HOW POORLY! QUICKLY GET A DOCTOR!



# CAPTAIN EASY

## SOLDIER of FORTUNE

by  
*Roy Crane*



I WAS UNDER THE SUSPICION  
THAT HAS BEEN A QUARREL  
WITH TUBER, AND YOUR  
ENGAGEMENT BROKEN.

THERE WAS NEVER QUARREL,  
WE OUTLIVED OUR  
MEDICALS.  
WE  
WILL HAVE THE UTMOST  
FAITH IN  
MANA.

YOUR LOYALTY IS VERY  
CONSIDERABLE, J.P., BUT  
WHOLLY INCREDIBLE.  
THESE ARE TO BE A  
HARRY SCANDAL.

CONFOUNDED THE  
SCANDAL! IT  
WE INTEND TO  
SHOULD BE WHERE  
IN HIS HOUR OF  
NEED, SO WAITED  
WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT  
WORLD'S  
EASY?

CONFOUNDED POLICE THINK MANA MURDERED  
GOD SPIDERMAN. IT'S PREPOSTEROUS! WE  
TRUST IN THE BOY FROM THICK AND  
THIN. ALL HERE THE BEST LAWYERS  
IN THE LAND! I'll—

BLAZIN'  
THAT'S SOMA  
RELAZIN'.

CONFOUNDED! YIP, YOU HAVE NO  
IDEA HOW TRICKED SINGER WILL  
BE! HE WAS AFRAID YOU WERE  
ABOUT TO GIVE HIM THE  
DATE.

THOSE HAVE BEEN RATHER  
TERRIBLE, PERHAPS, BUT  
WE HAVE THE UTMOST  
TRUTH IN RASH...

THEY WOULD  
BE INTERESTED  
TO KNOW THAT  
MR. "RASH" AND  
THAT FABRICASIER  
WERE FRIENDS,  
LURED BY THE  
COLUMBIAN'S  
TO KILL HIM  
WITH YOU.

HAD WE  
SUSPECTED  
IT...

BUT THIS  
EVERLASTING  
SINGER'S  
DEMONS  
WORRIED.

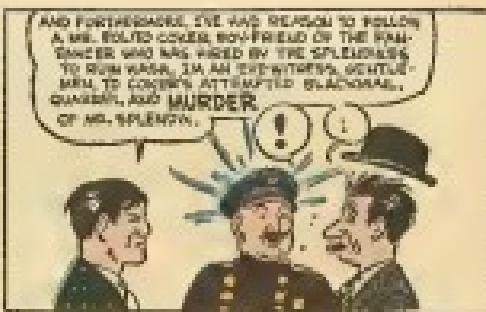
RATHER CIRCUMSTANTIAL  
WITHIN THE HOUR, I  
HOPE TO PROVE THAT  
HE'S ABSOLUTELY  
INNOCENT.

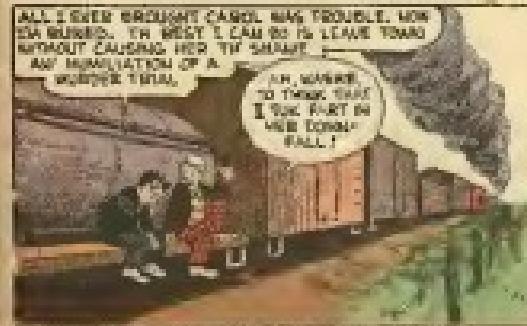
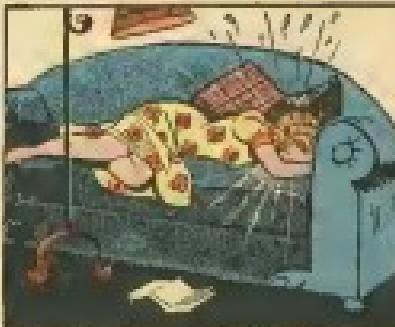
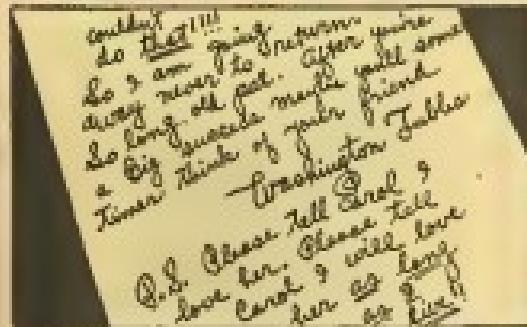
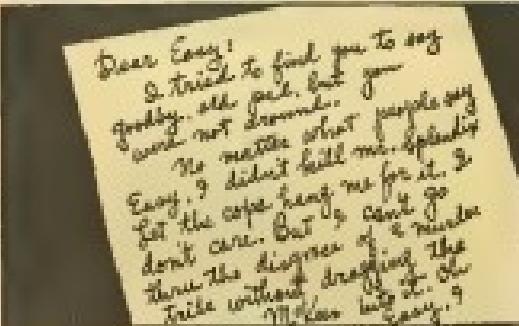
AG, I UNDERSTAND THE CASE, GENTLEMEN! YOU THINK  
SINGER GUilty FOR THREE REASONS OR THEREABOUTS  
TO KILL SPIDERMAN. HE HAS BEEN LEAVIN' THE  
SPIDERMAN HOUSE, AND HIS PROBABLY HAD  
ON THE 23 AUTOMATIC ROUND  
THESE...

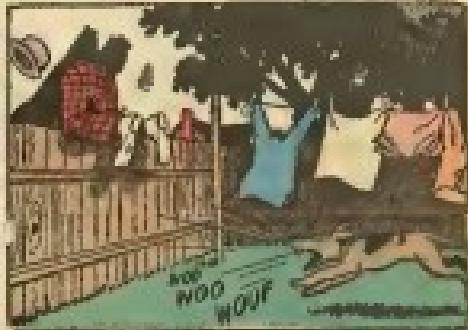
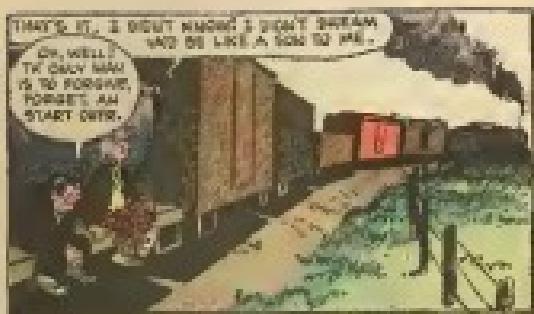
HUMPH!  
AND THEY  
ENGLISH  
REASON?

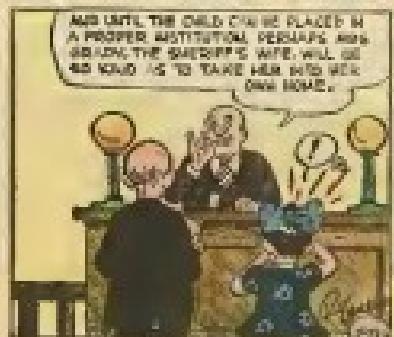
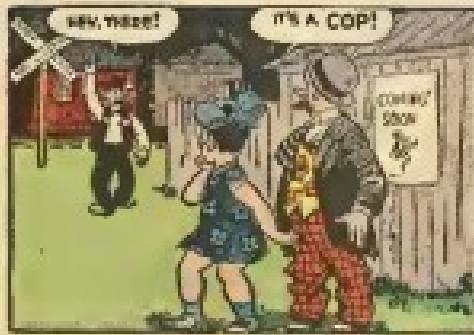
HARMFUL I MENTION THAT  
MRS. SPIDERMAN HAS AL-  
READY BEEN NUMBERED  
WITH EACH ADDITION.  
THE PRACTICENTS ON  
THE GUN ARE  
IRRELEVANT.

OH,  
THEY ARE  
ARE THEY?













# CAPTAIN EASY

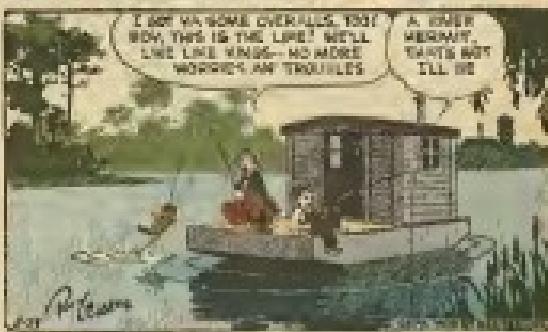
## SOLDIER of FORTUNE

by Roy Crane

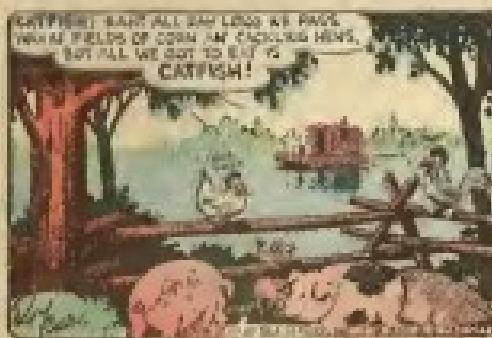


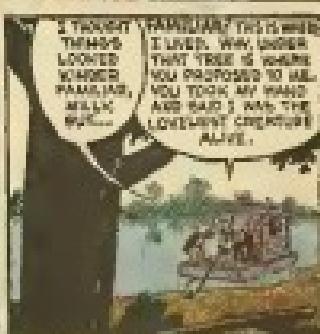
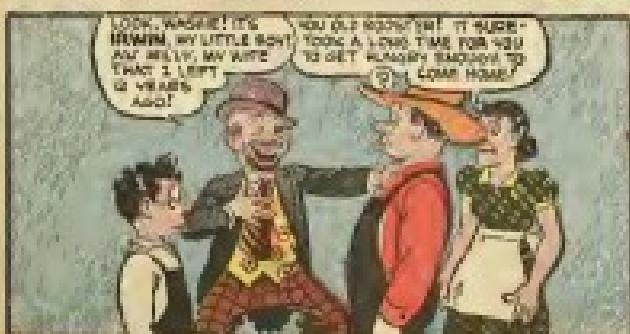
MA HA! THAT'S JUST IF WE ARENT GOING TO ENGINEERATE ALONG ALONG DOWN FOR THE WATER TRACK... HOGES HUNTER, YOU'LL GET OFF IT!

BY LEAVING THE TRAIN AT THE WATER TUNA, HA, WE'LL FOOL THOSE COPS!



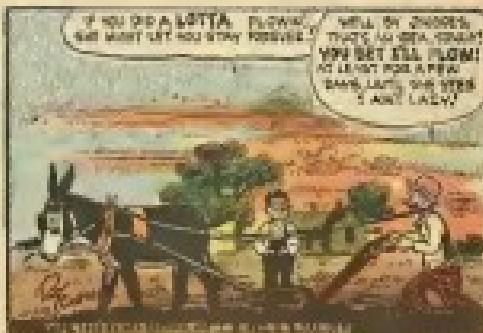












NOTHIN'. I'M JUST  
WAKENED UP AND  
APPETITFUL.



OH, SWEETHEART, SEEING YOU  
REALLY MEAN IT. YOU CAN  
LEARN NO BETTER  
TO BE SO HAPPY!



BUT, MARSHAL, YOU  
FOOK OUT  
VOICES ARE  
LADY AND  
SIRIES?





